

# CRESCENT

October  
1910



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judgment the treasurer of a  
wise man.

William Penn.

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**THE CRESCENT**

VOL. XXII.

OCTOBER, 1910

NO. 1

**Cornelia Decides.**

Alexander Hull.

**W**HEN one stepped from the train platform into the little village of Hortonville he was enfolded at once in that delightful atmosphere which exhales only from a town that is both old-fashioned and aristocratic. Hortonville was very little larger than it had been two hundred years before and was almost as old-fashioned. And, as for aristocracy,—why, you could read it in the straight backs of the old ladies, the refined and subdued beauty of the young ones and in the intelligence of the very few young men you met on the streets. Yes, you could almost smell it in the very air, aristocracy in its most obtrusive form. To the newcomer it evinced itself in cold looks, hardly approaching indifference, until his letters of introduction revealed that his standing and character were founded on a plane commensurate with the dignity that was theirs.

Yes, here was an aristocracy that even summer



boarders, in all their rampart destructiveness could never efface, something superior even to the progress of ages and the passage of time. Hortonville's sons and daughters went forth yearly to college, and the daughters, at least, came back. Changed? Well, perhaps; but not very perceptibly. The difference was that they were now additionally intrenched in the defences that a knowledge of the higher culture alone can give. A rather unpleasant place for a mere mortal of no particular family pretensions to live in, you may think. Not at all, if he were content to confess his misfortune and dwell in the outer darkness which the sin of having Fathers who were Nobodies must bring upon him. But let him presume! He soon found the rarified atmosphere that eternally dwells at such awful heights of family rather too thin for his plebeian consumption.

Cornelia Horton was a young lady now past twenty-six years of age. She rejoiced in a good figure which was crowned and admirably set off by her luxuriant brown hair. A pair of the best of eyes and an unusually good smile. And Cornelia had, too, a mind of her own which her college intercourse with other young ladies similarly endowed had done nothing to break. She was reserved to an extreme and had a method of carefully calculating all her plans, with the result that she seldom embarked on a course of action that did not promise very well for Cornelia. Repression had become a fine art and impulse could always be disregarded as a factor in her life. She had passed that stage of existence which many maidens—who are still maids and still waiting, though their hair is whitening with the frosts of many winters—call “waiting for their ideal.” Cornelia had decided that an ordinary young man, considering the very limited stock of ideals upon the mar-

ket, would be acceptable if she could really love him.

She was fastening her last bow of ribbon before her glass one September morning and meditating. The subject of her meditations must have been rather serious to judge by her puckered mouth and eyebrows as she paused, one hand on her neck-ribbon, the other on the dressing case. The attitude was so admirable that she might have been constrained, had her vanity been less under the control of her thought, to stop and admire herself. And she had been excused by any chance observer. But she only closed her eyes a little more closely and began to consider—half aloud and quite unconsciously. The theme of her thoughts now appeared to be in turn, her age, should she marry, and the dearth of suitable young men. And it presently became apparent to the eavesdropper that if you excepted someone by the name of Brenton Max and someone else by the name of Harry Senfield there wasn't a man in the county upon whom she would waste a breath. “They are both awfully nice boys,” she said in a rather careless disregard of her English for one ordinarily so particular, “and I think they are both very much in love.” No. It was not with either of the men that the question lay but with herself. How, how could she decide between them? The breakfast bell saved her the task of answering immediately the question she had been propounding to herself for the last six months. And in truth it was a question which was beginning to require an answer.

It had come to the point where either young gentleman might precipitate matters on good opportunity. But Cornelia was not ready, for in her present condition of mind she could only refuse the unlucky man. She knew them well and knew, that they were the kind of



self-restraining young men who would simply suppose that they had made a mistake and that she was not intended for them. Probably it would never enter the mind of either one of them that her opinion might change. Consequently you could not feel sure that they would not, after a few weeks or at any rate a suitable period of time, propose to some other young lady and be accepted—a state of affairs not to be contemplated for an instant. Still, in such case, Cornelia would never have blamed either of them, nor have accused them of a want of depth in their love. The atmosphere of Hortonville was not conducive to a display of passion—even her love affairs ran smoothly and conventionally in their dignified way. So Cornelia could appreciate their stand had it been so taken, for her own training had been of a nature which would have moved her to a very similar course of action.

So, as I have intimated, Cornelia was somewhat worried as to the outcome. She would not force her own feelings; she could not bear the thought of some day finding she had lost the very one whom alone she could have loved. Yet she might not be able to prevent this. It was not a question she could decide by massing her arguments on either side and then weighing them in her delicately balanced mental scales. So she must trust to accident, to fate or something equally indefinite. Meanwhile she must fight for time.

Possibly neither of the young men could say or think that he had had any excessive encouragement for that was not Cornelia's way. She accepted them passively, apparently almost indifferently, yet with a binding something in her manner that kept hope alive in each young man's breast. Not even this influence seemed to be wielded by her will—it was too subtle and un-

defined for that—but rather to be merely a result of her peculiar character. Still there were murmurs heard, more than occasionally in the village, from mothers with marriageable daughters. Their complaints went no further than that "it was too bad the way Cornelia Horton was leading on both of those young men" to the evident disappointment of one of them. But any candid observer realized that there spoke only the bitterness of the knowledge that Cornelia could monopolize two young men in a town where there were really so very few suitable ones to monopolize.

After that breakfast there was little time for any deliberation. There was her shopping, her letters and her writing—for Cornelia was more or less literary; there were her one or two friends to receive and the housekeeper to attend and oversee. The day thus passed with perhaps less effort at a decision than many of the former. If she thought of it at all it was with more confidence that all would turn out well than with less; it was certainly with no foreboding that old and malicious Dame Fate was preparing the denouement of her first love affair—of the one which she had not yet had; with no suspicion that such a curious combination of circumstances as should cause the departure of both of her suitors should have been planned to take place all within the narrow limits of the three remaining days in that week.

The evening brought Brenton; clean, self-contained and rather handsome. At his every appearance Cornelia was half expecting to find her pulse quickening and her breath short. She was, as has been suggested and as had been frequently noted in her work at college, eminently analytical and as she sat down on the verandah shaded by vines from the last lingering rays of the



sinking sun, easily asking and answering the common-places that form the larger part of the conversation of two such lifelong companions as they had been, she knew clearly and unprejudicedly that, however it might be in the future, he had not yet stirred her heart. She was not blinded to his faults for an instant, petty as she admitted they were, by his presence; her mind thought none the less clearly nor the more because he was near. His influence she felt, of course; but she felt it as she would that of any other friend. She almost sighed as she realized that she was not in love with him. It would have made matters so much simpler in so many ways.

They talked on easily and so ordinarily that it was some time before Cornelia became aware that Brenton was intending his part in the conversation to be the preparation for that which she had dreaded. There was then no time to change the lead in the story he was telling nor to prepare herself and she thought, rather nervously, as she determined what her answer should be, how impossible it had always been to stop Brenton when he had clearly made up his mind as to what he intended to say. Brenton was an engineer and the West, that Mecca of all engineers, had called to him with the cry of gold and the cry of need. He termed his contract somewhat more prosaically "an advantageous offer" and showed, too, no hesitation as to his decision. He would, of course, go. That Brenton had his romantic side Cornelia knew, but on this—this, of all occasions, he did not show it. The question had come and she must answer it now—now; not at some convenient, dimly-localized future time, and it seemed that but one answer was possible. Brenton would have no more use for an acceptance that meant only liking or

preference than had she herself. And she did not love him—at least not yet.

A few moments later she was alone. He had gone: probably, she thought to herself, not to return again. He only was left of his family and there was no one to bring him back except....., but she had refused him. Then the first doubt entered Cornelia's mind. But she would not harbor it long; for, she argued, she had done that which she must have done; it had been a circumstance over which she had had no control; one cannot force her heart. She felt a momentary and dim consolation in that aspect of the question and tried to consider the chapter as closed.

That she was not successful in that endeavor she probably did not realize until the next day and then only after that wrinkled old Dame Fate had struck her second blow—all with the intention, or at any rate, the result of teaching her (Cornelia) her own mind. Had the old lady delayed her blow for a time it is impossible to say whether this story might not have ended very differently.

But idle speculations on such uncertainties are far from the point and Dame Fate was expeditious and sufficiently capable for her work.

Harry had received (observe the irony of the old Dame), possibly at the very time that Brenton had lost his suit, a call to a professorship in his university. He was a year or two younger than Brenton; as much a representative of the conservative element of his class—if one dare call it so in republican America—as Brenton was of the progressive. He was far nearer Cornelia's notion of what a man should look, too, than Brenton; darker, more slender, and more intellectual in appearance. Probably he did not realize this advantage but



he did think that with his new professorship he had material enough to dare offer himself to Cornelia. And it was characteristic of him that he lost no time. The afternoon following, and the afternoon for which Fate had cast Brenton's departure for the West, found him in the Horton residence painting, in colors less distorted than one would suppose, the picture of his life to come with the intention of offering Cornelia her share in it all.

As he spoke she realized that this was a life very near the ideal she would have wished. The quiet, intellectual companionship of Harry and his fellow-professors, the atmosphere and traditions of the school, the summers in Europe, perhaps, and leisure and inspiration always for her to continue her writing. Oh, she could picture it all in her imagination as it stretched away in the sun-flecked vistas of years of peace and calm enjoyment. If she did not really love Harry, it might perhaps be forgiven her; there was her work; everything was so attractive. For a moment she was ready to agree against her better knowledge that love might come with marriage. That she could entertain the idea for a moment is proof that the temptation of those years she saw pictured before her had appealed to her very strongly for Cornelia was not in the habit of leaning so heavily upon the props of an Old World civilization which her judgment told her were not adequate supports.

But just at this point, ere Cornelia had decided to give the word of acceptance which she would have regarded as irrevocable, Dame Fate showed again her hand, whether more or less maliciously than she ought, I leave you to judge. Cornelia was seated by the window and as Harry was concluding, on the very brink of

his question she glanced uneasily out into the street. As she raised her eyes Brenton, quite invisible to Harry, was passing the house, a small satchel in his hand, evidently on his way to the depot. He was going then? Now? And that was the last she should see of him? Suddenly her heart throbbed wildly with the knowledge that it was he, whom she loved. She sat in dismay, suddenly pale but as still as the chair which held her. And now, for the first time in many years Cornelia's mental poise had deserted her. She had not heard a word of Harry's question. She only knew that Love had come and that she had sent him away without whom she could never be happy—that he was even now almost beyond her power. Harry paused. Cornelia was still looking out of the window. Impossible to guess what was passing in the mind concealed by that imperturbable, patrician face. Not even the quiver of an eyelash to betray what she felt at his words. For an instant he waited. "Cornelia," he said softly. No answer. He stepped closer. She started suddenly and looked at him in alarm. "Will you"—he began. But Cornelia knew now what he had said; and she knew, too, her own heart. He was startled by the intensity of her gaze and in her answer he saw the first touch of real emotion he had ever seen her manifest.

"Stop," she began wildly, "No! Never! It can never be. I do not, I can not ever love you—I am sorry—it is too late now. You must go."

He looked at her a moment in hesitation. What did this outburst mean? Why should she be so moved? Then perhaps he understood or perhaps he only saw that her words were final and any questioning useless. At any rate he bowed slightly and passing through the hall, took his hat from the rack, opened the door quiet-



ly and walked rapidly down the shady street.

Cornelia stood motionless for a moment, then, covering her face with her hands, she mounted the stairs to her room and closing the door sank upon her bed with a heart that beat wildly and eyes that were wet with tears.

### **The Study of Oregon History.**

We who live in the Pacific Northwest are the representatives of the youngest civilization on the continent and one of the youngest in the world. Within the life of many of the surviving pioneers a complex, modern civilization has been evolved on land which was barren a hundred years ago as far as civilization was concerned. The evolution has been exceedingly rapid when compared with what took place in Europe and even in the Eastern part of America.

We find that first of all curious explorers visited the Pacific Coast. Afterward came the trappers and traders, then the missionaries and school-masters, and last of all the farmers. Political developement, social developement, material developement and the growth of religious and educational institutions were wonderfully rapid.

It behoves the people of Oregon then to study Oregon history. And we will find conditions for that study made very easy for us. There are several general histories of Oregon, both long and short which have been written in the past few years. Also there are reprints of the journals of Lewis and Clark and other early explorers now accessible to the general public, and some reminiscences of old pioneers have appeared which should be very valuable.

But there exists another source of information which should be more appreciated and more developed. This is the personal stories of the pioneers who are living all about us. Such information together with historical reading would give us a very intimate, personal knowledge of the history of the Northwest. No one can convey to us an account of the difficulties of crossing the continent by wagon, and of the early social conditions here as well as the old settler himself.

By such a study of early Oregon history we can soon put ourselves in a position to understand our local conditions, the material developement of the region, and the present condition of different institutions. And we shall also have to read another and newer chapter of universal history.

Claude Newlin '11.

### **Dawn (B. C. 50)**

The hurrying wind has swept  
The ling'ring clouds of night from out the sky,  
And the silv'ry mist from hill and vale;  
The tears the stars have wept  
In diamond dew upon the meadows lie;  
The moon is weary grown and pale;  
Alone, in silent vigil, with features white and drawn,  
The Druid on the mountain weally prays at dawn.

Alexander Hull.



## THE CRESCENT.

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There seems to be very noticeably a spirit of action among the students at the beginning of the year. Often we have planned and planned but have not done much. We are still planning but we are also acting. We might apply here a story by Mr. Whittier which expresses very well what needs to be said. A certain young lady once wrote to Whittier asking for some advice on a course of reading. The poet replied, giving, not a list of books to read but a story of a Quaker preacher of his neighborhood. This preacher was holding a meeting in a new place and after sitting for a whole hour in silence before the congregation, arose and said, "Friends, enough has been said, it is time to do." We

have talked and planned and it is high time to do—and we are doing.

In a number of the Portland Oregonian of last summer was an editorial which seemed to be inspired by the work which has been done towards our new building. It was there noted that this building would be a valuable and substantial addition to the colleges of the state. This is a truth which we Pacific collegians perhaps do not recognize that aside from being a great addition to Newberg and Pacific College, it is an addition to the total aggregate of the Oregon colleges. And Oregon needs as many such additions as can be obtained. There are plenty of colleges here, at least here in the Willamette valley; we do not need more colleges, but more students, more buildings, and more money for those we already have. Pacific College is doing her share to bring about these desiderata.

We are very glad to note that several alumni of the Newberg High school are with us this year. Also are we very glad that two of our alumni are this year teaching in the High school. This mutual interchange should prove very beneficial to both schools. It should bring a greater degree of that friendly feeling between the schools which is so much to be desired and which is growing every year.

The Student Council, an addition of last year to the machinery of the college, is to be organized again. We hope it may prove to be an effective agency in the regulation of the affairs of students and student activities.



### **Football.**

As a starter for the football season the college played the High school Saturday, the 7th. Entirely too few college people attended the game but those who did proved themselves to be true football enthusiasts—everyone is who really knows the game.

In the first half P. C. made consistent gains through line bucks, end runs and forward passes. The High school found the college men strong in defense and did little against it. However they did make some spectacular runs from one side of the gridiron to the other. At the end of the first half the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of the college.

In the second half the High school boys resorted to punting. They made two touch downs leaving the score 11 to 6 in their favor at the finish.

The result of this practice game is serving as a further stimulus to the college men who are, under the direction of coach Johnson, rapidly learning the game. It is new to many of them, but they are developing into a team to be proud of and root for.

### **Student Christian Associations.**

The Young Men's Christian Association is beginning this year with a very promising outlook for a successful year's work. Two study classes are already settled on and it is possible that another will be added. One of the classes is studying "Primitive Religions of Men," and the other, which meets with the Friends Sunday School, is taking "The History of Friends in America." A new feature in this year's work is the change in the time of the devotional meetings which are now held at the chapel period on Wednesday mornings.

### **College Opening.**

The formal opening of Pacific college occurred on Wednesday morning, Sept. 28th. Rev. Weaver led the devotional exercises after which Mrs. Hull gave two musical numbers which were much enjoyed. Then Rev. Lyons, the speaker of the morning, gave an able address on "The Shamefulness of Being Ignorant." He said, "The Willamette Valley between Eugene and Portland contained one-thirteenth of all the colleges of the United States, and the people of Newberg are paying a very large share of their money for educational purposes. But the most shameful ignorance of all is in not knowing God, and everyone has a chance to do this."

Pres. Reagan made a talk on the work planned for the college and Mr. Buehler sang.

In the afternoon of the same day the students met the teachers in their classes to arrange for the work which is starting most satisfactorily.

### **Pacific College Ladies' Glee Club.**

The Ladies' Glee Club has organized with a membership of about twenty-five. Nora Parker was elected President, Katherine Romig, Vice President, Florence Rees, Secretary and Treasurer. The first meeting for practice was held in the College Chapel last Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. They have already begun on choruses and Mrs. Hull says that there are prospects for the best Glee club in Oregon. They will begin practice immediately for a concert to be given some time before Christmas.

### **College and Alumni Notes.**

The enrollment is now eighty-one and prospects are good for an increase. Several students who have been out a year or two are back and several former High School students are with us.

Claude Lewis returned from his surveying trip looking like a veteran and entered school the second week. He spent the summer in Idaho with the Crumly surveying party.



Prof. Johnson gave his first chapel talk on the subject of "Football." He announced that others would follow on the same subject in which he would explain some of the technicalities of the game. This should increase very much the appreciation of the game by the students in general.

H. A. Dalzell, student secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for Oregon and Idaho, was here Monday, October 10, helping the local association get lined up for work.

A "get acquainted" stag party was given by the Y. M. C. A. Friday, Sept. 27.

Two students are here from British Columbia and three from the state of Washington. Evidently Pacific is not merely a local institution.

The annual reception for new students by the Christian Associations was given Friday, Oct. 7. After two "get acquainted" games Bernice Benson and Maude Haworth appeared in Quaker costume and gave Bayard Taylor's poem, The Quaker Widow. Then followed a few musical numbers by Miss Reuter and Mr. Hull, which were very well received. A considerable part of the success of the reception was due to the decorations, which were of that ever ready product of the Oregon woods in autumn—the vine maple.

Prof. Brissenden wished for his "little red book" when he gave his first chapel talk but managed to give some very good advice without it.

H. A. Wright '10 is teaching in the local High School of which A. C. Stanbrough '93 is Principal.

A. K. Wilson '08 is teaching and coaching athletics in the Harvard Military School of Los Angeles, Calif.

Walter C. Woodward '98 who received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of California last spring is now in Earlham College as associate professor in the department of History and Economics.

Myrtle Gause '06, Lena Spangle '08 and Eula Hodson '09 are this year teaching in the Public school of Newberg.

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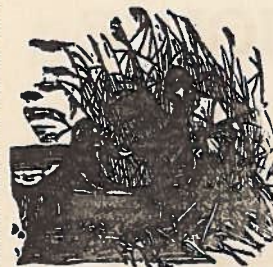
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Razors, Scissors and  
Carpenters Tools*

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Rogers Brand Silverware  
Aluminum, Nickel, Granite and Tinware  
Paints, Oils, Glass and their Accessories  
Farm Implements, Wagons, Buggies  
and Harness

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**Builders' Hardware  
a Specialty**

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*Complete line of Stoves and  
Ranges, Washing Machines  
and Sewing Machines*